

The shadow of your face.

K. Rich. Say that again.

The shadow of my sorrow! ha! let's see:

'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;

And these external manners of laments

Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,

That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul.

There lies the substance: and I thank thee, king,

For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st

Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way

How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,

And then be gone, and trouble you no more.

Shall I obtain it?

Boling. Name it, my fair cousin.

K. Rich. Fair cousin! I am greater than a king:

For when I was a king, my flatterers

Were then but subjects; being now a subject,

I have a king here to my flatterer:

Being so great, I have no need to beg.

Boling. Yet ask.

K. Rich. And shall I have?

Boling. You shall.

K. Rich. Then give me leave to go.

Boling. Whither?

K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sight.

Boling. Go some of you, convey him to the tower.^a

On wednesday next we solemnly set down

Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves.

[*Ex. all but Abbot, Bishop of Carlisle, and Aumerle.*]

SCENE IV.

Abbot. A woful pageant have we here beheld.

^a ----- to the tower.

K. Rich. O, good! convey: conveyers are you all,
That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.

Boling. On wednesday, &c.